

STRANGER THINGS

#206

THE SPY

Will's connection to a shadowy evil grows stronger, but no one is quite sure how to stop it. Elsewhere, Dustin and Steve forge an unlikely bond.

Tires screech. Vehicle doors open and close.

MAN (O.S.): Get him out. Go! Go!

Will screams.

JOYCE (O.S.): God! Hold on, sweetie!

INT. HAWKINS LAB – HALLWAY – NIGHT

Will is wheeled on a stretcher, sobbing and crying in pain. Joyce, Mike, and Bob follow the stretcher.

JOYCE (CONT'D): I'm right here. Just hold on.

They turn a corner.

JOYCE (CONT'D): Sweetie, I'm right here.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – BATHROOM – NIGHT

Hopper stands facing a wall, naked. A tap is turned on, and he's doused in water and scrubbed down. He yells.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – NIGHT

Will is transferred from the stretcher to a bed, crying in pain. He's surrounded by doctors and nurses, Owens included. Bob has to hold Joyce back from interfering too much. Mike stands by, watching with worry.

ER DOCTOR: Vitals?

NURSE: Heart rate 220. Temperature's 106.

The ER doctor holds Will's head to get him to look at her.

ER DOCTOR: Will, where does it hurt?

WILL: All over.

Will groans. A nurse starts to cut open his pyjama top.

OWENS: She says he feels like he's burning. Check for burns.

Will's pyjama top is torn open. He lets out a scream. They check him for burns, but his skin is completely fine.

ER DOCTOR: I don't see anything.

Will cries in pain.

ER DOCTOR (CONT'D): Where does it hurt the most, Will?

WILL: Everywhere! Everywhere!

Will is injected with a sedative. Bob holds Joyce as she cries.

EXT. HAWKINS ROAD – NIGHT

Steve's car drives along.

INT. STEVE'S CAR

Steve and Dustin sit in silence. 'Hammer To Fall' by Queen plays over the radio.

QUEEN (ON RADIO): (singing) Here we stand or here we fall...history won't care at all...

STEVE: Wait a sec. How big?

Dustin holds his hand up, holding his fingers a distance apart to represent Dart's initial size.

DUSTIN: First it was like that.

Dustin holds his hands up to represent Dart's current size.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Now he's like this.

STEVE: I swear to God, man, it's just some little lizard, okay?

DUSTIN: It's not a lizard.

STEVE: How do you know?

DUSTIN: How do I know if it's not?

STEVE: Yeah, how do you know if it's not just a lizard?

DUSTIN: Because his face opened up and he ate my cat.

Steve shakes his head as if to say, "That's fair".

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Steve's car pulls up the driveway.

QUEEN (ON RADIO): (singing) We're just waiting for the hammer to fall...yeah!

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Steve opens the boot of his car, Dustin standing beside him. Steve tosses his keys to Dustin and reaches into the boot, grabbing out the nail bat.

QUEEN (CONT'D) (ON RADIO): (singing) While you're waiting for the hammer to fall...

Steve closes the boot.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Steve and Dustin approach the storm cellar, which now has a lock on the doors. Steve stands in front of it, torchlight trained on the door. Dustin stands back. Steve leans forward slightly.

STEVE: I don't hear shit.

DUSTIN: He's in there.

Steve glances at Dustin before looking back at the storm cellar. He pokes the doors with the nail bat. Nothing. He waits a moment before hitting the doors with the nail bat. Nothing. Steve waits a moment before turning to look at Dustin, torchlight in his face. Dustin closes his eyes and tries to block the torchlight.

STEVE: All right, listen, kid. I swear, if this is some sort of Halloween prank, you're dead.

DUSTIN: It's not.

STEVE: All right?

DUSTIN: It's not a prank. Get it out of my face.

Steve gestures at the storm cellar with his head, torchlight still in Dustin's face.

STEVE: You got a key for this thing?

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Steve opens the doors to the storm cellar, kneeling at the entrance and looking inside. Dustin shines his torch into the cellar. Steve grabs it.

STEVE (CONT'D): Let me see that.

Steve shines the torch into the cellar. There's no signs of Dart.

DUSTIN: He must be further down there. I'll stay up here in case he tries to escape.

Steve looks up at Dustin, giving him an "Are you serious?" look before looking back into the cellar. He sighs.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – STORM CELLAR – NIGHT

Steve slowly makes his way down the stairs, torch in one hand and bat in the other. He looks around, finding the light for the cellar. He pulls the cord and turns it on. Steve notices something on the ground, looking confused and a little disgusted. He picks it up with the tip of the bat. It's a piece of moulted skin, dripping in goo. Steve looks to the corner of the room and his eyes widen slightly. He lowers the bat.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – NIGHT

Dustin looks into the cellar.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Steve?

There's no response. Steve can't be seen from Dustin's viewpoint. Dustin takes a step forward.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Steve, what's going on down there?

Torchlight is suddenly on Dustin's face, and he jumps back slightly. He sees Steve at the edge of the cellar, looking up at him and holding the bat away from his body.

STEVE: Get down here.

INT. HENDERSON HOUSE – STORM CELLAR – NIGHT

Dustin walks down the stairs, looking at the moulted skin on Steve's bat.

DUSTIN: Oh, shit.

Steve looks over at the corner of the room, shining his torch towards it. Dustin looks up to see bricks dislodged and a hole in the wall.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Oh, shit!

Steve and Dustin walk over to the corner of the room, kneeling down to get a good look at the hole. As Steve shines his torch into it, it's clear that the hole is in fact a tunnel. The camera starts to pull away from Steve and Dustin, traveling backwards in the tunnel.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): No way. No way.

The camera turns a corner, rapidly moving backwards until it comes out in the woods. It slowly pans up to show an expanse of trees. Dart screeches.

Cut to black.

MAIN TITLES.

CHAPTER SIX: THE SPY.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – NIGHT

Vehicles approach outside, their doors opening and closing. The front door opens, and agents enter, looking around with their torches. Some hold cameras and take photos of the drawings and other things around the house. One agent removes the cassette tape from the JVC.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – NIGHT

Will lies on the bed, asleep. Bob and Mike sit in chairs nearby, watching him.

JOYCE (O.S.): That thing, it...it did something to him.

OWENS (O.S.): Okay. And these now-memories, as you call them, how long has he been experiencing them?

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEETING ROOM – NIGHT

Joyce sits at the head of the desk, with Owens and other doctors sitting on either side of the table.

JOYCE: I told you, since Thursday. Since I found him in the field.

DOCTOR 2: And why wasn't he brought in?

JOYCE: I have been bringing him in, and what have you done? Nothing. Nothing!

OWENS: These are new symptoms, Joyce.

JOYCE: No. No, he has been telling you over and over that something's wrong, and you said it was all in his head. You said, "Be patient". Those were your words.

OWENS: I understand that you're upset, okay? I get it. And I would be, too, if I were in your shoes. But we are all in the same boat here, and I just need you to try-

JOYCE: What? Stay calm? Trust you? No, I want him transferred to a real hospital.

OWENS: Well, you know that's not possible.

DOCTOR 2: He really will get the best treatment here, Mrs. Byers.

DOCTOR 3: The very best.

Joyce scoffs.

JOYCE: And...and what are you treating him for, exactly?

Joyce gives an annoyed shrug and stands up.

JOYCE (CONT'D): Can anyone tell me what's wrong with him? Can a single person in this room tell me what is wrong with my boy?

The doctors share glances but don't say anything.

JOYCE (CONT'D): What is wrong with my boy?

Joyce slams her hands on the desk.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – STUDY – NIGHT

Murray sits at a desk. Nancy sits on a chair beside him, next to another desk. Jonathan sits on another edge of the second desk. Murray plays the recording of Owens from the cassette player in front of him.

OWENS (ON CASSETTE PLAYER): You see why I have to stop the truth from spreading, too. Just the same as those weeds there. By whatever means necessary.

Murray pops the cassette out, putting it into a case. He hands the cassette to Nancy, who slides it into an envelope. Nancy puts a folded piece of paper into the envelope before playing it on the table beside her. Jonathan takes the envelope and closes it, putting it onto a pile of envelopes, all addressed to prominent newspapers.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – NIGHT

Nancy and Jonathan sit on a couch, with Murray sitting on another. He sets a bottle of vodka down on the coffee table.

MURRAY: Whoo-hoo!

Murray holds up his cup.

MURRAY (CONT'D): To taking down the man.

NANCY and JONATHAN (IN UNISON): To taking down the man.

They all take a drink from their cups. Jonathan recoils slightly and sets the cup down. Nancy finishes the drink before setting her cup down.

MURRAY: Commie bastards sure know how to make a spirit. Am I right?

Murray starts to pour more vodka into Nancy and Jonathan's cups. Nancy shakes her head. Murray looks at them and stops pouring, but doesn't set the bottle down.

NANCY: Oh, no, no, no. We...we can't.

JONATHAN: Yeah, no. No, I've got to drive.

MURRAY: Drive? What, tonight?

NANCY: Our parents...

MURRAY: Would be proud if they knew what you were up to.

Murray sets the bottle down and leans back in the couch.

MURRAY (CONT'D): Just tell 'em you're at Tammy's or Dawn's or whoever's, and take my guest room.

Nancy and Jonathan share a look.

JONATHAN: I mean, do...do you want to stay?

NANCY: Well, it's pretty late.

Jonathan looks at Murray.

JONATHAN: Okay. Uh...could I use the sofa?

MURRAY: Okay, I'm confused. What's going on here? A lovers' quarrel?

JONATHAN: No, no. I mean, we're just friends.

NANCY: Friends.

Nancy gives an awkward chuckle. Murray bursts into laughter. Jonathan and Nancy look slightly confused.

MURRAY: You've told me a lot of shockers today, but that, that is the first lie.

NANCY: It's not a lie.

MURRAY: No? You're young, attractive. You've got chemistry, history, plus the real shit, shared trauma.

Nancy and Jonathan avoid eye contact.

MURRAY (CONT'D): Trust issues, am I right?

Jonathan looks at Murray.

MURRAY (CONT'D): Something to do with your dad.

JONATHAN: What? No, I mean, my dad's-

NANCY: An asshole.

MURRAY: Hmm. It is a curse to see so clearly.

Murray turns his attention to Nancy.

MURRAY (CONT'D): You, you're harder to read. Probably, like everyone, afraid of what would happen if you accepted yourself for who you really are and retreated back to the safety of...Name?

Murray clicks his fingers.

MURRAY (CONT'D): Name?

JONATHAN: Steve.

Nancy looks at Jonathan.

MURRAY: Oh. Steve. We like Steve.

NANCY: Yes.

Nancy gives an awkward chuckle.

MURRAY: But we don't love Steve.

NANCY: What? No, we...I mean, I...I do.

Murray points at Nancy.

MURRAY: There it is, ladies and germs, the second lie of the evening.

Murray puts his hand down.

MURRAY (CONT'D): So, how'd I do?

Nancy and Jonathan don't say anything. They avoid eye contact, looking awkward and uncomfortable. Murray chuckles.

MURRAY (CONT'D): My goodness. You two are adorable, aren't you?

Nancy glances at Jonathan before looking at her hands. Murray sets his glass down and grabs the bottle of vodka, standing up.

MURRAY (CONT'D): Listen...

Murray sighs. He heads towards the stairs.

MURRAY (CONT'D): There's a pull-out sofa in my study if you want it.

Murray starts to walk up the stairs but pauses after a few steps.

MURRAY (CONT'D): But if I were you, I'd just cut the bullshit and share the damn bed.

Murray walks up the stairs, leaving Nancy and Jonathan alone. Jonathan looks uncomfortable. Nancy looks confused.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – GUEST ROOM – NIGHT

Nancy sits down on the edge of the bed. She shakes her head.

NANCY: Afraid.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – STUDY – NIGHT

Jonathan sits down on the pull-out. He sighs.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – GUEST ROOM – NIGHT

Nancy rolls over in bed, unable to sleep.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – STUDY – NIGHT

JONATHAN: Trust issues?

Jonathan scoffs.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): Trust issues.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – GUEST ROOM – NIGHT

Nancy sits up.

NANCY: Retreat? I don't retreat.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – STUDY – NIGHT

JONATHAN: Trust issues? I do not...

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – NIGHT

Nancy slowly opens the guest room door and steps out. She starts walking towards the study but stops when she sees Jonathan heading in her direction. He stops, and they both stand a little awkwardly.

NANCY: Oh. Hey.

JONATHAN: Hey.

Jonathan starts to close the distance between him and Nancy.

NANCY: I just, uh...I...I just wanted to say that...

JONATHAN: Oh, no, don't...I mean...he's so drunk.

NANCY: Wasted.

JONATHAN: Yeah. I mean, what? He knows us for a couple of hours, and he's got us all figured out?

NANCY: Exactly. God. Okay, yeah. I feel...I'm glad we feel the same way.

JONATHAN: Yeah. Yeah, it's fine.

Nancy and Jonathan stare at each other in awkward silence, unsure of what to say.

NANCY: Uh...so, uh, good night, I guess.

Jonathan starts to back away.

JONATHAN: Yeah, um, good night.

Nancy and Jonathan both turn around and walk back to their separate rooms. Nancy closes her door. Jonathan watches it close before closing his.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – STUDY – NIGHT

Jonathan lays down on the bed, moving the pillows to get comfortable. He reaches up and turns the lamp off. He sighs.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – GUEST ROOM – NIGHT

Nancy sits on the bed with a pillow in her lap, thinking. She puts the pillow on the bed beside her and gets up, walking over to the door. She opens it to find Jonathan standing right outside, startling her. He kisses her briefly, pulling away to gauge her reaction. Nancy surges forward and kisses Jonathan, the pair kissing in front of the door to the guest room. After a few moments, they walk into the room and close the door, still kissing.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – ERICA'S BEDROOM – DAY

Erica lays on the bed, making a Barbie doll and Lucas' He-Man action figure kiss while making kissing sounds. She pulls them away from each other.

ERICA: Oh, He-Man, thank you for saving my life. What strong muscles you have.

Erica makes the figures kiss again, making kissing sounds. Lucas opens the door. He sighs, walking over and grabbing the He-Man action figure.

LUCAS: I knew it.

Lucas starts to leave the room.

ERICA: Hey! They're in love!

Lucas turns and looks at Erica.

LUCAS: No, actually, they're not. They don't even exist on the same planet.

ERICA: Aren't you too old to be playing with toys?

LUCAS: That...that's not the point. The point is to stay out of my room.

Lucas leaves the room.

ERICA: Then tell your little nerdy friend to shut his mouth.

Lucas backs up, looking at Erica.

LUCAS: What are you talking about?

ERICA: (imitating Dustin) "Code red, Lucas. Code red. Code red".

Lucas looks slightly confused.

ERICA (CONT'D): Bunch of nerds.

Lucas shudders.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS' BEDROOM – DAY

Lucas runs in, looking for his Supercomm. He spots it on the bed and runs over.

LUCAS: No, no, no, no, no, no.

Lucas turns the dials on the Supercomm and sits on the bed, breathing heavily.

LUCAS (CONT'D): Dustin!

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Dustin sets two buckets full of meat chunks down on the ground next to Steve's car. Dustin pulls gloves on and Steve hands him a gasoline can, which he sets it down in front of the buckets. Steve reaches into the boot and grabs out his backpack, kneeling.

LUCAS (CONT'D)(ON SUPERCOMM): This is Lucas. Do you copy? Dustin?

DUSTIN: Well, well, well, look who it is.

LUCAS (ON SUPERCOMM): Sorry, man.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS' BEDROOM – DAY

LUCAS (CONT'D): My stupid sister turned it off.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Steve fidgets with his backpack.

DUSTIN: Well, when you were having sister problems, Dart grew again...

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS' BEDROOM – DAY

DUSTIN (CONT'D)(ON SUPERCOMM): He escaped, and I'm pretty sure he's a baby Demogorgon.

LUCAS: Wait, what?

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Steve starts to put the bat into his backpack.

DUSTIN: I'll explain later. Just meet me and Steve at the old junkyard.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS' BEDROOM – DAY

LUCAS: Steve?

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Steve puts his backpack on.

DUSTIN: And bring your binoculars and wrist rocket.

LUCAS (ON SUPERCOMM): Steve Harrington?

Steve closes the boot.

STEVE: All right.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS' BEDROOM – DAY

STEVE (CONT'D)(ON SUPERCOMM): Let's go.

EXT. HENDERSON HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Steve picks up a bucket, with Dustin picking up the other. They start to head into the woods.

DUSTIN: Just be there, stat.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE – LUCAS' BEDROOM – DAY

DUSTIN (CONT'D)(ON SUPERCOMM): Over and out.

Lucas looks at his Supercomm with shock and concern.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – BATHROOM – DAY

Owens opens the door, finding Hopper sitting at one end of a bench, vomiting into a bucket.

OWENS: All right, cowboy, good news.

Owens walks into the room, followed by a scientist holding a hazmat suit.

OWENS (CONT'D): We're giving you the green light. How you feeling?

Hopper looks at Owens, giving him a sarcastic smile.

HOPPER: Never better.

OWENS: All right, well, got a present for ya.

The scientist steps forward.

HOPPER: The hell is that?

OWENS: Uh, something you should see.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE ROOM – DAY

The doors to the decontamination chamber open, and Hopper steps out into the room. He turns to look at Owens, who is standing beside an elevator. An agent already stands in the elevator.

OWENS: Watch your step.

Owens steps into the elevator, Hopper doing the same after him. The agent closes the door, and the elevator begins to lower into the ground.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – LOWER GATE ROOM – DAY

The elevator lowers into pitch black, before the light on the top turns on. Hopper looks speechless, taking in the Gate as the elevator descends.

OWENS (CONT'D): All living organisms develop defence mechanisms against attack. They adapt. They find some way to survive.

The elevator reaches the ground, where a large number of agents in hazmat suits walk around. The agent in the elevator opens the door, allowing Hopper and Owens to step out. There's indistinct chatter. Hopper slowly approaches the tunnels, speechless.

HOPPER: Oh, my God.

OWENS: It's pretty impressive, isn't it? It's been spreading, growing beneath us like some cancer.

HOPPER: Why aren't you burning it?

OWENS: There's a complication.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY

Will lays in bed, asleep. Mike sits in a chair beside the bed, also asleep. Bob and Joyce stand off to the side, holding cups of coffee.

JOYCE: They made me sign, like, a thousand documents. I mean...we all had to. We had to. I mean, I lost track at a certain point. They're gonna make you do the same. I'm sure.

BOB: Yeah. Well, hey, whatever.

Joyce looks unsure.

BOB (CONT'D): What kind of documents?

JOYCE: Uh, confidentiality, and there were these official forms saying, like, nothing ever happened, which is why...

Joyce and Bob look over at Will.

BOB: Will got lost in the woods.

JOYCE: Yeah.

BOB: Man, I always thought stuff like this happened in movies and comic books.

Bob looks at Joyce.

BOB (CONT'D): Certainly not in Hawkins, and certainly not to someone like you.

JOYCE: Or you.

BOB: Yeah. Bob Newby, superhero.

Bob chuckles softly. He sighs, shaking slightly.

JOYCE: You cold?

BOB: Uh, just a little jitters, I guess. Hey, don't you start worrying about me.

JOYCE: Okay.

BOB: Okay? I'm fine. I'm fine. It's not like you didn't warn me. "This is not a normal family". Isn't that what you said?

JOYCE: Yeah.

Bob laughs softly.

BOB: You weren't kidding.

Joyce sighs. Bob glances at Will.

BOB (CONT'D): It kinda makes my idea of moving to Maine sound a little less crazy, right?

JOYCE: Oh, it...it's not crazy at all.

Bob smiles.

WILL (O.S.): Mum?

Joyce and Bob look over to see Will awake and looking at them.

JOYCE: Hey.

Joyce and Bob set their cups down.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – HALLWAY – DAY

Bob opens the door and runs out.

BOB: Is there a doctor? We need a doctor!

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY

Will lays in bed. He looks a little out of it. Joyce stands beside the bed, rubbing Will's shoulder. Mike has woken up and sits upright in the chair, looking at Will.

JOYCE: Sweetie, how you feeling? You okay?

Bob runs into the room and stands next to Joyce.

BOB: Okay, they're on their way.

Will looks unsure of Bob's presence.

BOB (CONT'D): Hey.

WILL: Who is that?

JOYCE: (softly) What?

Bob chuckles. Mike looks concerned.

JOYCE (CONT'D): (softly) What?

BOB: It's me, big guy. It's Bob.

Bob reaches out to touch Will's hand. Will pulls his hand away.

WILL: Are you a...doctor?

Joyce starts to look concerned.

BOB: No. No, it's just me. Just...just Bob.

Joyce looks at Bob. She looks back at Will, unsure. Mike looks concerned, almost scared.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – KITCHEN – DAY

Murray stands by the stove, cooking breakfast. He exhales heavily.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – DINING ROOM – DAY

Murray sets two plates down on the table in front of Nancy and Jonathan before sitting down, a plate in front of him already. Nancy and Jonathan start eating. Murray sighs, giving the pair a knowing look. He picks up his fork, using it to pick up some eggs. Nancy and Jonathan steal glances at each other. Murray looks between them. Jonathan picks up a glass of juice and takes a sip.

MURRAY: So, Jonathan, how was the pull-out?

Jonathan chokes on his drink. Nancy stops eating. Murray picks up some eggs on his fork.

JONATHAN: Uh, sorry?

MURRAY: The sofa.

Jonathan looks at Nancy, who smiles while looking down at her food.

JONATHAN: Oh, yeah. Yeah, it was good.

MURRAY: I bet.

Murray brings the fork up to his mouth, but the egg falls off.

MURRAY (CONT'D): Oops.

Murray chuckles. Nancy smiles. Jonathan looks uncomfortable.

MURRAY (CONT'D): Hmm.

INT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – DAY

Nancy paces in front of the pile of TVs, phone to her ear.

NANCY: Oh, yeah. Yeah, we just, um...we just had some fun girl time.

KAREN (ON PHONE): Oh, good. Uh, will you be back in time for dinner?

NANCY: Mmm-hmm. Yeah, I'll be home real soon.

KAREN (ON PHONE): Well, say hey to Ally for me.

NANCY: Okay. All right. I love you, too, Mum.

KAREN (ON PHONE): Bye.

NANCY: Bye.

Nancy hangs up the phone. Jonathan stands in front of her, putting on his jacket.

NANCY (CONT'D): She said Mike's at your brother's house. They just had a sleepover. So...

JONATHAN: Oh, okay.

NANCY: Do you want to try again?

JONATHAN: No. No, it's fine. They're probably just at the matinee or something.

NANCY: Yeah, I'm sure.

EXT. MURRAY'S WAREHOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Nancy and Jonathan walk out, turning around to look at Murray as he stands in the doorway. He holds out a bottle of vodka.

MURRAY: For your travels.

Nancy takes the bottle.

MURRAY (CONT'D): And to water it down.

Murray holds out a bottle of club soda, which Jonathan takes.

NANCY: Got it. Thank you for everything.

MURRAY: Don't thank me yet. Just keep your eyes on the papers, hmm?

Nancy nods.

MURRAY (CONT'D): And if you need to reach me again...don't.

Murray closes the door and locks it, making Nancy and Jonathan jump slightly.

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Lucas bikes up, parking his bike next to the curb. He looks towards the front door and sighs.

INT. HARGROVE HOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – DAY

Billy lifts weights, a rock song playing on the TV. The doorbell rings.

BILLY: Twenty-one.

INT. HARGROVE HOUSE – MAX’S ROOM – DAY

Max sits on her bed, broken skateboard in her lap. She duct tapes it back together. The doorbell rings again.

INT. HARGROVE HOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – DAY

BILLY (CONT'D): Twenty-two.

The doorbell rings again. Billy sets his weights down on the rack, looking annoyed.

BILLY (CONT'D): Max, are you getting that or what?

INT. HARGROVE HOUSE – MAX’S ROOM – DAY

MAX: Okay!

Max tosses the skateboard to the side. The doorbell rings again.

BILLY (O.S.): Swear to God, Max!

INT. HARGROVE HOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – DAY

Max storms out of her room and starts walking towards the front door. The doorbell rings again. Billy picks up his weights and starts lifting.

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Lucas stands in front of the front door, looking nervous. Max opens the door, taking a second to register that it's him. She whips her head around to make sure Billy isn't looking before walking outside, closing the door behind her.

MAX: What are you doing here?

LUCAS: I have proof.

MAX: What?

LUCAS: Proof that what I told you was real. But we have to hurry.

MAX: What kind of proof?

INT. HARGROVE HOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – DAY

Billy sets the weights down on the rack, sitting up. He turns his head to look at the front door, suspicious. He stands up and starts to walk over, opening a can and taking a sip as he does so. When he's close to the door, Max opens it and walks inside, closing the door behind her. She turns and notices Billy, trying to walk past him to get to her room. He puts an arm out.

BILLY: Who the hell were you talking to?

Max doesn't say anything, thinking over an excuse.

MAX: Mormons.

BILLY: Mormons?

MAX: Talkative ones.

Max pushes past Billy and heads towards her room. Billy turns as she goes.

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE – FRONT YARD – DAY

Billy opens the door and walks out, looking around. When he sees no one, he turns around and walks inside.

INT. HARGROVE HOUSE – MAX'S ROOM – DAY

Max closes the door behind her and walks over to her window, opening it to find Lucas and his bike below it.

LUCAS: Come on, hop on.

EXT. HARGROVE HOUSE – BACKYARD – DAY

Max climbs out of the window, stepping on the log storage hut below it before jumping onto the ground.

LUCAS (CONT'D): Hurry.

Max climbs onto the back of Lucas' bike, holding on to his shoulders.

MAX: This better be good, stalker.

Lucas starts biking.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY

Will lays in a bed. Joyce, Hopper, Mike, Bob, Owens, and a few doctors crowd the bed. Owens sits beside Will, using a small torch to check his pupil dilation. He pulls the torch away.

OWENS: Do you know your name?

WILL: Will.

OWENS: Your full name?

WILL: William Byers.

OWENS: Do you know...do you know who I am?

Will closes his eyes, thinking.

WILL: A doctor.

OWENS: Have we met before?

WILL: I don't remember.

OWENS: Hmm.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – SECURITY ROOM – DAY

A group of agents watch the interaction on a screen.

OWENS (CONT'D)(ON SCREEN): You don't remember me? Okay.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY

Owens points at Mike.

OWENS (CONT'D): How about, uh...how about this guy here?

Will looks at Mike. Mike gives a small wave.

OWENS (CONT'D): Know who that is?

Will is silent, staring at Mike.

OWENS (CONT'D): It's all right. Take your time.

WILL: That's...my friend. Mike.

Mike shares a look with Joyce and Bob, happy to be remembered.

HOPPER: What about me, kid? You remember me?

Will looks at Hopper. He shakes his head.

HOPPER (CONT'D): They tell me you helped save me last night. You remember that?

Will shakes his head.

OWENS: Do you remember anything about last night? About what happened?

WILL: I remember they hurt me.

Flashback to #205. The pumpkin patch at Merrill's Farm. Will doubling over in pain.

Joyce looks away.

OWENS (CONT'D): You mean the doctors?

Will shakes his head.

WILL: No. The soldiers.

Flashback to #205. The Hub. Agents in hazmat suits using flamethrowers against the vines.

OWENS: The soldiers hurt you?

WILL: They shouldn't have done that. It upset him.

Owens reaches into a file and pulls out a photo taken of Will's Mind Flayer drawing, handing it to him.

OWENS: You say, "Upset him". Is that him?

Will looks at the photo. He looks at Owens and nods. Owens takes the photo back, putting it back in the file and turning his attention to Joyce.

OWENS (CONT'D): Okay. Okay, I wanna try something. It's gonna seem a little odd at first, but I think it's really gonna help us understand what's going on here.

Owens looks at Will.

OWENS (CONT'D): Is that okay?

Will nods.

WILL: Okay

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY

Will lays in bed. Owens sits on a chair next to him. Mike and Hopper sit on a bench. Joyce and Bob stand near the foot of the bed. A doctor wheels in a trolley, which holds a glass container in the top tray. A severed vine sits inside the container.

OWENS: Now, Will, I want you to just let us know if you feel anything. Okay?

Owens looks at the doctor and nods. The doctor lights a blowtorch. Will looks nervous. The doctor holds the blowtorch above the container, flame aimed slightly down. The vine moves slightly, screeching softly.

OWENS (CONT'D): Do you feel anything?

WILL: Little sting.

OWENS: It stings? Where?

The vine screeches. Will clutches his chest.

WILL: My chest.

The heart rate monitor beeps a little more rapidly.

OWENS: Okay, son.

JOYCE: Sweetie...

Owens nods at the doctor. He slowly lowers the blowtorch. The vine screeches. Will groans.

OWENS: How about now?

WILL: It...it burns.

The vine screeches.

WILL (CONT'D): Ah! It burns.

OWENS: Where?

The heart rate monitor beeps rapidly. Will groans.

WILL: Everywhere.

The vine screeches.

JOYCE: That's it. That's enough. That's enough!

The doctor doesn't stop. The vine screeches and whips around, cracking the glass. The heart rate monitor beeps rapidly. Will screams. Hopper jumps down from the bench and puts a hand on Will's shoulder, holding the other one out to the doctor.

HOPPER: Stop! You hear her! That's enough! That's it! We're done!

The doctor pulls the blowtorch away.

OWENS: All right. Okay.

Will relaxes but looks exhausted.

JOYCE: Sweetie...sweetie. It's okay.

Hopper takes his hand off Will's shoulder. The heart rate monitor beeps in a regular rhythm.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – HALLWAY – DAY

Joyce, Hopper and Owens stand in the hallway.

OWENS: Our best guess right now is it's some kind of virus which is causing this neurological disorder. Now, when...when a typical virus attaches itself to its host...

Flashback to #108. Will in the Byers bathroom. Will coughing up the larva.

OWENS (CONT'D): It duplicates, right? It spreads, essentially hijacking the host. A virus is alive. It has an intelligence.

Flashback to #203. Will behind Hawkins Middle. The world looking like the Upside Down. The Mind Flayer rising above the school.

OWENS (CONT'D): That's not...that's not unusual. What is so unusual here, this virus...the infected hosts seem to be communicating.

Flashback to #205. The Hub. Agents in hazmat suits using flamethrowers against the vines.

Flashback to #205. The pumpkin patch at Merrill's Farm. Will doubling over in pain.

Flashback to #205. The pumpkin patch at Merrill's Farm. Will lying on his back, convulsing and screaming.

OWENS (CONT'D): It has some sort of a hive intelligence, and it's connecting all the hosts.

Flashback to #203. Will behind Hawkins Middle. The world looking like the Upside Down. The Mind Flayer reaching for Will.

Flashback to #204. Dustin's room. Dart screeching at Dustin, mouth open wide.

Flashback to #206. The medical room. The vine in the container writhing and screeching.

Flashback to #206. The medical room. Will screaming in pain.

OWENS (CONT'D): The good news is a virus can be cured.

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – DAY

Agents set a device up on the ground and step back.

OWENS (CONT'D)(O.S.): We...we're gonna continue to run tests.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – DAY

A radar technician watches her screen. Dots pop up, pinging.

OWENS (CONT'D)(O.S.): We're gonna see what we find.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – HALLWAY – DAY

JOYCE: What happens when he can't remember anything? When there's nothing else there? What happens when my boy is gone?

Joyce starts to cry. Hopper puts his arm around her.

EXT. HAWKINS WOODS – TRAIN TRACKS – DAY

Dustin walks a short distance in front of Steve as they walk along, throwing meat chunks at the ground in front of them.

STEVE: All right, so let me get this straight. You kept something you knew was probably dangerous in order to impress a girl who...who you just met?

DUSTIN: All right, that's grossly oversimplifying things.

STEVE: I mean, why would a girl like some nasty slug anyway?

DUSTIN: An interdimensional slug? Because it's awesome.

STEVE: Well, even if she thought it was cool, which she didn't, I...I just...

Steve catches up with Dustin.

STEVE (CONT'D): I don't know, I just feel like you're trying way too hard.

DUSTIN: Well, not everyone can have your perfect hair, all right?

STEVE: It's not about the hair, man. The key with girls is just...just acting like you don't care.

DUSTIN: Even if you do?

STEVE: Yeah, exactly. It's drives them nuts.

DUSTIN: Then what?

STEVE: You just wait until, uh...until you feel it.

DUSTIN: Feel what?

STEVE: It's like before it's gonna storm, you know? You can't see it, but you can feel it, like this, uh...electricity, you know?

DUSTIN: Oh, like in the electromagnetic field when the clouds in the atmosphere-

STEVE: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Like a...like a sexual electricity.

DUSTIN: Oh.

STEVE: You feel that and then you make your move.

DUSTIN: So that's when you kiss her?

STEVE: No, whoa, whoa. Slow down, Romeo.

DUSTIN: Sorry.

STEVE: Sure, okay, some girls, yeah, they want you to be aggressive. You know, strong, hot and heavy, like a...I don't know, like a lion.

DUSTIN: Mmm.

STEVE: But others, you gotta be slow, you gotta be stealthy, like a...like a ninja.

DUSTIN: What type is Nancy?

STEVE: Nancy's different. She's different than the other girls.

DUSTIN: Yeah, she seems pretty special, I guess.

STEVE: Yeah. Yeah, she is.

DUSTIN: But this girl's special, too, you know. It's just, like, something about her.

Steve stops walking.

STEVE: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey, hey, hey.

Dustin stops walking.

DUSTIN: What?

STEVE: You're not falling in love with this girl, are you?

DUSTIN: Uh, no. No.

STEVE: Okay, good.

Steve starts walking again.

STEVE (CONT'D): Don't.

Dustin starts walking again.

DUSTIN: I won't.

STEVE: She's only gonna break your heart, and you're way too young for that shit.

The pair walk in silence for a few moments. Steve glances at Dustin.

STEVE (CONT'D): Fabergé.

DUSTIN: What?

Steve points to his hair.

STEVE: It's Fabergé Organics. Use the shampoo and the conditioner, and when your hair's damp...it's not wet, okay? When it's damp...

DUSTIN: Damp.

STEVE: You do four puffs of the Farrah Fawcett spray.

DUSTIN: Farrah Fawcett spray?

Steve stops walking. Dustin does the same.

STEVE: Yeah, Farrah Fawcett. You tell anyone I just told you that and your ass is grass. You're dead, Henderson. Do you understand?

Dustin nods.

DUSTIN: Yep.

STEVE: Okay.

Steve and Dustin start walking again. The camera follows them from the right from a distance.

DUSTIN: Farrah Fawcett, really?

STEVE: I mean, she's hot.

DUSTIN: Yeah.

Steve and Dustin walk past a tree, out of sight. The camera focuses on a yellow flag stabbed into the ground at the base of the tree. Flies buzz.

INT. HOPPER'S TRUCK

Hopper sits in his truck outside Hawkins Lab, using his radio to ping a code. He pauses, waiting for an answer. Nothing. He sighs, looking around. He leans forward and puts his arms on the steering wheel, holding the radio to his mouth.

HOPPER: Hey, it's, uh...

Hopper sighs.

HOPPER (CONT'D): It's me. I know that I've been gone too long, and, uh...it's...I just...I want you to know that it's not about you and it's not about our fight.

INT. HOPPER'S CABIN – LOUNGE ROOM – DAY

The camera starts on the radio, before it slowly pulls away and shows the rest of the room.

HOPPER (CONT'D)(ON RADIO): Okay? Something came up, and I will...I will explain it all when I see you. I just...I want you to know that I'm not mad.

INT. HOPPER'S TRUCK

Tears well in Hopper's eyes.

HOPPER (CONT'D): I'm just sorry. About everything. I...

INT. HOPPER'S CABIN – LOUNGE ROOM – DAY

The camera slowly pans across the empty cabin.

HOPPER (CONT'D)(ON RADIO): I don't want you to get hurt at all. And I don't wanna lose you.

INT. HOPPER'S TRUCK

Hopper sighs. He sniffles.

HOPPER (CONT'D): Just make sure you heat up some real food, okay? Not just Eggos. And I want you to eat all the peas, even if they're mushy and gross. And...

Hopper sighs.

HOPPER (CONT'D): I will be home soon.

DOCTOR 1 (O.S.): This is him last week.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEETING ROOM – DAY

Owens and a group of doctors sit around the table. One doctor stands at the front, presenting their findings. A scan of Will's brain is projected onto a screen. There are a few spots of red.

DOCTOR 1 (CONT'D): And there are the hippocampal abnormalities we had discussed. Nothing out of line with what we've seen from others suffering from post-traumatic stress. But...

The slide changes to another scan of Will's brain, this one having more spots of red.

DOCTOR 1 (CONT'D): This is Will from last night. And as you can see, there are now abnormalities in the limbic and paralimbic areas. And this...

The slide changes to another scan of Will's brain, this one having more red than grey.

DOCTOR 1 (CONT'D): Is from an hour ago.

The doctors sitting at the table all look at the images of the scans they have in front of them. Owens looks around.

OWENS: I don't hear any suggestions.

DOCTOR 2: We have bigger problems than the boy.

OWENS: Do we?

DOCTOR 3: We can't keep delaying the burn.

OWENS: You're talking about putting...putting a band-aid on this.

DOCTOR 2: Right now, a band-aid is the best option.

DOCTOR 3: It's our only option.

OWENS: And if it kills the boy?

DOCTOR 2: Then quite frankly, Sam, it kills him.

OWENS: Say that to me again.

DOCTOR 1: The rate that this is spreading, he'll be lost by the end of the day. What we do or don't do won't change the outcome.

DOCTOR 2: We have to start the burn.

Owens leans back in his chair, before he grabs his files and stands up.

DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D): Where you going?

Owens walks to the door.

OWENS: I'm going to think.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – OWENS' OFFICE – DAY

Owens sets the files down on his desk before sitting down. He leans back in his chair, squeezing a stress ball.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY

Will lays in bed. Joyce and Bob sit in chairs on the right side of the bed. Mike sits in a chair on the left side of the bed.

JOYCE: What the hell is taking so long?

Joyce sighs.

BOB: Hey...doctors take forever, always. Just try and relax. Just be patient.

Joyce exhales heavily. After a few moments, she sighs and throws the blanket off of her shoulders.

JOYCE: You know, I just...

Joyce walks towards the door.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – HALLWAY – DAY

Joyce opens the door and starts walking down the hallway towards the doors. The guards standing guard share a look. They hold up their hands as Joyce gets close, followed by Bob.

JOYCE (CONT'D): No, I...

Joyce tries to push past the guards. They push back.

JOYCE (CONT'D): Let me through. Let me through!

GUARD 1: No, you know we can't do that, ma'am.

Joyce tries to push past again. They push back.

JOYCE: I need to talk to-

GUARD 2: He'll be with you shortly.

JOYCE: You said that an hour ago.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY

Will watches the interaction from his bed, the conversation indistinct. He notices one of the guard's guns in the holster.

Flashback to #205. The Hub. Agents in hazmat suits using flamethrowers against the vines.

MIKE (O.S.): Will.

Flashback to #205. The Hub. Agents in hazmat suits using flamethrowers against the vines.

Flashback to #205. The pumpkin patch at Merrill's Farm. Will lying on his back, convulsing and screaming.

MIKE (CONT'D)(O.S.): Will?

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – DAY

The camera travels through the tunnels.

Flashback to #203. Will behind Hawkins Middle. The world looking like the Upside Down. The Mind Flayer rising over the school.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – DAY

MIKE (CONT'D): Will?

Mike touches Will's arm, making him jump. Will looks at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D): What's wrong? Are you hurting again?

WILL: Uh...I saw something.

MIKE: In your now-memories?

Will nods.

WILL: The shadow monster. I think I know how to stop him.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – DAY

Steve and Dustin stand at the edge of the junkyard, looking around. Steve sighs, then nods.

STEVE: Oh, yeah. Yeah, this will do.

Steve starts walking into the junkyard.

STEVE (CONT'D): This will do just fine. Good call, dude.

Dustin grins and starts walking after Steve. They start to scatter meat chunks on the ground as they walk.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – DAY

Steve and Dustin dump the meat chunks left in their buckets onto a pile on the ground.

LUCAS (O.S.): I said medium-well!

Steve and Dustin look up to see Lucas and Max standing at the edge of the junkyard. Lucas waves. They start walking over.

STEVE: Who's that?

Dustin doesn't say anything. Steve looks between Dustin and Max.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – DAY

Steve and Max walk around, picking up pieces of scrap metal and putting them near the old bus.

Dustin and Lucas sit behind an old car.

DUSTIN: You told her?

LUCAS: So what?

DUSTIN: "So what"?

LUCAS: You wanted to tell her, too.

DUSTIN: Yeah, but I didn't, all right? We all agreed not to tell her and to look for Dart.

LUCAS: Who you conveniently found.

DUSTIN: Are you suggesting that I'm lying?

LUCAS: I'm saying you have a creepy little bond with him.

DUSTIN: Yeah, that was before he turned into a Demogorgon.

LUCAS: And you haven't heard from Mike?

DUSTIN: No.

LUCAS: Or Will?

DUSTIN: No.

LUCAS: Hopper?

DUSTIN: No! No one is around. Why do you think I'm with Steve Harrington? Something's-

LUCAS: Wrong. I agree. Which is why we need as much help as we can get.

The pair hear Max grunting, and they stand up just enough to look at her through the car's rolled down windows.

LUCAS (CONT'D): She didn't believe me anyway.

DUSTIN: You probably didn't tell it right.

LUCAS: That must be it.

Dustin and Lucas face each other. Lucas holds out his hand.

LUCAS (CONT'D): So, we good?

Dustin stares at Lucas' hand, a small smile on his face. Steve hits the back of the car with an old rusty chair, making Dustin and Lucas jump. They look at him as he stands behind them.

STEVE: Hey! Dickheads! How come the only one helping me out is this random girl? We lose light in 40 minutes. Let's go.

Steve gestures for Dustin and Lucas to follow him to the bus. They get up and start to walk after him.

STEVE (CONT'D): Let's go, I said!

DUSTIN: All right, asshole! God!

LUCAS: Okay! Stupid.

EXT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – FRONT YARD – DAY

Jonathan's car pulls up. Jonathan and Nancy get out of the car and walk towards the front door.

INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – LOUNGE ROOM – DAY

Jonathan opens the front door and starts to walk in. He stops when he sees the drawings on the walls, confused. He slowly starts to walk into the house, followed by Nancy, who also looks confused.

JONATHAN: What...

NANCY: What is all of this?

Nancy and Jonathan look around.

JONATHAN: I don't know.

INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – HALLWAY – DAY

Jonathan runs around the corner.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): Mum?

Jonathan starts to walk down the hallway to Will's room.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): Will?

Jonathan checks in Joyce's room before walking into Will's room.

INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – WILL'S ROOM – DAY

Jonathan walks into Will's room, looking around at the drawings on the walls with growing confusion and worry. He catches sight of Will's Mind Flayer drawing and picks it up, looking at it closely before setting it back down. He notices a pack of Polaroid film on the ground and bends down to pick it up. He looks concerned and a little scared.

INT. BYERS HOUSE (HAWKINS) – KITCHEN – DAY

Nancy stands at the table, looking at what's written on Bob's notepad. Jonathan walks into the room.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): I don't shoot Polaroid.

NANCY: What?

JONATHAN: It's not mine.

Jonathan tosses the pack of Polaroid film onto the table.

JONATHAN (CONT'D): Someone else has been here.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEETING ROOM – DAY

Photos are spread out on the table – photos joining the drawings of the Hawkins Tunnel System, and Polaroids of various evidence. Will sits at the edge of the table, looking at the photos. Mike sits at the table beside him. Joyce, Bob, Hopper, Owens, and a group of doctors stand behind him.

DOCTOR 2: Sam, this is ludicrous.

OWENS: Just give him a moment, okay?

DOCTOR 2: We don't have time-

HOPPER: Hey, jackass, why don't you do us all a favour and shut up, okay?

Will stands up. He starts moving to one end of the table, looking around. Joyce and Hopper move forward to look at the table, before looking at Will. Owens follows Will. Will points at the group of photos of the group of drawings that represents the Hub.

WILL: That's it.

OWENS: That's what? What...what's there, Will?

WILL: I don't know. I just know he doesn't want me to see there. I think it's important.

Owens looks at Hopper.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – ROOM – DAY

Agents suit up in hazmat suits, being handed guns by a guard before leaving the room.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – DAY

Steve tosses sheets of scrap metal into a pile before walking away to get more. Max walks up to the bus with a sheet of scrap metal and hands it in to Lucas.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – DAY

Steve, Dustin, Lucas, and Max roll metal barrels down the hill.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE ROOM – DAY

The doors to the decontamination chamber open and agents step out. They step into the elevator. It starts to lower.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – DAY

Steve pours gasoline onto the pile of meat chunks and walks away from it, pouring a line of gasoline on the grass up to the ground below the bus's door. Max picks up a ladder and holds it upright.

INT. JUNKYARD BUS – DAY

Max sticks one end of the ladder out of the bus's sunroof, making sure its footing is secure.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – LOWER GATE ROOM – DAY

The elevator reaches the ground. The agents open the door and walk out, meeting with a pair of agents already stationed. The agents stand in front of the entrance. The agent at the front adjusts the camera mounted to his vest.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – DAY

A number of agents and doctors stand in the room. A nerdy technician sits at the control panel. He takes a drawing of Will's map of the Hawkins Tunnel System and puts it on the screen in front of him. Owens stands beside him. Hopper stands on the other side.

NERDY TECHNICIAN: Let's see if this kid's a wizard or a schizo, Doc.

The nerdy technician takes the microphone.

NERDY TECHNICIAN (CONT'D): First door on your right, gentlemen.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – LOWER GATE ROOM – DAY

The agents hold up their guns.

AGENT 1: I'm guessing a ten.

AGENT 2: Let's not overdo it now.

The agents start to make their way into the tunnels.

AGENT 2 (CONT'D): I read four.

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – DAY

The agents walk through the tunnels.

AGENT 2 (CONT'D): Moving in.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – DAY

The agents ping on the radar.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – DAY

Steve, Dustin, Lucas, and Max make their way into the bus, which has been fortified with scrap metal, barrels and tyres. Dustin looks around before shutting the door behind them.

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – DAY

The agents walk through the tunnels.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

Lucas walks up the ladder, looking around before getting onto the roof. He lays down, hidden by the tyres. He uses his binoculars to look out at the junkyard. Nothing but fog on the ground.

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

Steve sits on the ground, flicking a lighter open and closed. Dustin paces. Max sits on a chair, staring at Steve.

MAX: So you really fought one of these things before?

Steve looks at Max. He nods.

MAX (CONT'D): And you're, like, totally, 100% sure it wasn't a bear?

DUSTIN: Shit. Don't be an idiot. Okay? It wasn't a bear. Why are you even here if you don't believe us?

Max looks at Dustin in disbelief.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Just go home.

Max stands up and moves to the ladder.

MAX: Geesh. Someone's cranky? Past your bedtime?

Max climbs the ladder. Steve looks impressed. Dustin keeps pacing.

STEVE: That's good. Just show her you don't care.

DUSTIN: I don't.

Steve winks at Dustin.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Why are you winking, Steve? Stop.

Steve shrugs. He flicks a lighter open and closed. Max climbs up the ladder and onto the roof, sitting behind the tyres and looking out at the junkyard.

MAX: It's kinda awesome.

LUCAS: Huh?

MAX: The fog, I mean. Looks like the ocean.

LUCAS: You miss it?

MAX: What?

Lucas turns his body so that he's facing Max.

LUCAS: The ocean. The waves? California?

Max gives a small shrug.

LUCAS (CONT'D): Hawkins seems pretty lame, I bet.

MAX: No, no, no, it's not that. It's just...my dad's still there. So...

LUCAS: Why?

MAX: It's this legal term called "divorce". See, when two married people don't love each other anymore-

LUCAS: Yeah.

MAX: My mum and my stepdad, they wanted a fresh start away from him. As if...as if he was the problem, which is total bull. And things...are just worse now. My stepbrother's always been a dick, but now he's just angry...all the time and...well, he can't take it out on my mum, so...

LUCAS: So he takes it out on you?

Max looks as though she's trying not to cry. She shrugs.

MAX: I don't even know why I'm telling you this. It's just...I know that I can be a jerk like him sometimes, and I do not want to be like him. Ever. I guess I'm angry, too, and...I'm sorry.

Lucas doesn't say anything. Max wipes her eyes.

MAX (CONT'D): Jesus! What's wrong with me?

Lucas sits up fully.

LUCAS: Hey. You're nothing like your brother, okay? You're cool and different. And you're super smart. And you're, like, (mocking surfer) totally tubular.

Max chuckles, grinning.

MAX: Nobody actually says that, you know.

LUCAS: Well, I do now.

MAX: It makes you sound really cool.

LUCAS: I like talking with you, Mad Max.

MAX: And I like talking with you, stalker.

A growling sound makes the pair look out at the junkyard. Steve and Dustin move to look out the window, trying to get a good look from the small gap. Nothing but fog.

DUSTIN: You see him?

STEVE: No.

DUSTIN: Lucas, what's going on?

LUCAS (O.S.): Hold on!

Lucas looks out at the junkyard using his binoculars. He scans the area, spotting Dart's figure in the far corner. There's a low growling.

LUCAS (CONT'D): I've got eyes! Ten o'clock! Ten...ten o'clock!

Steve catches sight of Dart's figure. He points briefly to show Dustin.

STEVE: There.

DUSTIN: What's he doing?

STEVE: I don't know.

The fog starts to clear slightly. There's a low chittering. Max takes the binoculars away from her eyes.

MAX: Wait. You sure that's not a dog?

LUCAS: What?

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

There's a low chittering near the pile of meat chunks, but no attempt is made to eat it.

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

STEVE: He's not taking the bait. Why is he not taking the bait?

DUSTIN: Maybe he's not hungry?

STEVE: Maybe he's sick of cow.

Steve stands up and moves back slightly. Dustin looks at him. Steve glances at Dustin before turning and walking towards the door. Dustin gets up and starts to follow.

DUSTIN: Steve? Steve, what are you doing?

Steve grabs the bat from inside his bat and walks to the door.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Steve?

Steve turns around, breathing heavily. He holds the lighter up.

STEVE: Just get ready.

Steve tosses the lighter to Dustin.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

Steve slowly opens the door and steps out, bat at the ready. He looks around as he walks away from bus. Dustin closes the door. Steve carefully makes his way towards the pile of meat chunks. There's chittering. Steve grips the bat tighter.

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

Lucas and Max sit up on their knees.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

Steve whistles.

STEVE: Come on, buddy.

Steve whistles again. He swings the bat.

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

Dustin watches Steve through the window. Max climbs down the ladder.

MAX: What's he doing?

DUSTIN: Expanding the menu.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

Steve walks towards the pile of meat chunks.

STEVE: Come on, buddy.

There's chittering. Steve swings the bat before gripping it tightly.

STEVE (CONT'D): Come on, buddy. Come on. Dinner time.

Steve stands in front of the pile of meat chunks. There's low growling.

STEVE (CONT'D): Human tastes better than cat, I promise.

Dart can be seen through the fog.

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

Dustin and Max watch Steve through the window.

MAX: He's insane.

DUSTIN: He's awesome.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

Steve swings the bat. Dart comes out of the fog. He's much bigger than before. Steve looks nervous upon seeing him, gripping his bat tightly and getting ready.

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

Lucas watches Steve through his binoculars. He catches sight of another demodog as it jumps onto a car nearby. He sees another demodog on the ground. Both demodogs are behind Steve. Lucas takes his binoculars away from his eyes.

LUCAS: Steve, watch out!

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

STEVE: A little busy here!

LUCAS (O.S.): Three o'clock!

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

Lucas desperately points at the other demodogs.

LUCAS (CONT'D): Three o'clock!

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

Steve turns to see demodogs prowling towards him, all growling.

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

Dustin runs towards the door.

DUSTIN: Steve!

Dustin slams the door open.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Steve! Abort! Abort!

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

Dart growls, making Steve look back at him. Dart runs for Steve, who dodges at the last minute and rolls over the hood of a car. A demodog runs for Steve and is hit away by the bat.

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

Dustin, Lucas, and Max all stand in the doorway, yelling at Steve.

DUSTIN: Steve, run!

MAX: Steve, hurry!

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

Steve starts running towards the door, chased by demodogs.

DUSTIN: Steve, run!

MAX: Steve!

Steve jumps into the bus. Dustin slams the door closed. Demodogs throw themselves at it.

INT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – BUS – NIGHT

Steve lays haphazardly over the steps, having thrown himself to the ground. Dustin, Lucas, and Max all grip the front seats tightly, yelling.

DUSTIN: Shit!

Steve reaches up and grabs a sheet of scrap metal, shoving it flat against the door.

MAX: Are they rabid or something?

LUCAS: They can't get in! They can't!

Steve pushes against the door with his feet. The demodogs growl. The bus shakes violently, making everyone scream. A demodog shoves its arm through the door, making everyone scream again.

Dustin, Lucas, and Max run to the other end of the bus. Steve grabs the bat and starts hitting the demodog's arm.

DUSTIN: Shit!

Dustin grabs his Supercomm. Steve keeps hitting the demodog's arm.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Is anyone there? Mike? Will? God! Anyone!

A claw stabs itself through the scrap metal on the wall next to the trio. They jump back. Max screams.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): Shit!

Max stands below the ladder. Lucas looks outside.

DUSTIN (CONT'D): We're at the old junkyard, and we are going to die!

There's a clattering at the door. Steve grunts, falling back. It's quiet. There's a banging on the roof, and it moves slightly. Dustin, Lucas, and Max watch as the footsteps get closer. Max looks up to see Dart approach the edge of the sunroof, a claw on the top rung. Max screams. Steve shoves her backwards, taking her place below the ladder and holding the bat up.

STEVE: Out of the way! Out of the way! You want some?

Dart screeches, mouth open wide.

STEVE (CONT'D): Come get this!

Dart screeches again. He suddenly turns his attention to something off to the distance, looking left. He jumps off the ladder, turning and screeching at the sky. He jumps off the bus, shaking it with the movement. Steve looks up the ladder, confused but prepared. Demodogs growl in the distance. Steve, Dustin, Lucas, and Max stand up straight, listening closely. Lucas and Max grip each other's hands tightly. When they realise, they let go. The group looks around, unsure of what to do.

EXT. HAWKINS JUNKYARD – NIGHT

Steve slowly opens the door and walks out, bat at the ready. The door makes a banging sound when it opens fully.

STEVE (CONT'D): Jeez.

Steve slowly walks away from the bus, bat at the ready and looking around. There's a low growling. Dustin, Lucas, and Max step out of the bus, but don't travel much further than the door.

LUCAS: What happened?

MAX: I don't know.

DUSTIN: Steve scared 'em off?

STEVE: No. No way.

Steve turns around.

STEVE (CONT'D): They're going somewhere.

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – NIGHT

Agents walk through, using torches to guide their way.

NERDY TECHNICIAN (ON RADIO): Almost there, ladies.

AGENT 2: Roger.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

Owens, Hopper, and the nerdy technician watch the footage.

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – HUB – NIGHT

The agents stand at the edge.

AGENT 2: All right, stay frosty, boys.

The agents walk into the Hub, looking around.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

Owens, Hopper, and the nerdy technician watch the footage. Hopper recognises it.

HOPPER: Wait. That's where I was.

OWENS: What?

HOPPER: It's that damn graveyard.

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – HUB – NIGHT

The agents look around.

AGENT 3: Sir, there's nothing here.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

The nerdy technician turns to look at Owens.

NERDY TECHNICIAN: Looks like your kid's full of shit, Doc.

There's a low growling on the footage.

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – HUB – NIGHT

The agents hear growling and whip around, shining their torches down a tunnel. Fog starts to seep into the Hub.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

Hopper tries to get a good look at the screen.

AGENT 3 (ON RADIO): We got some kind of fog moving in now.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – NIGHT

Will lays in bed. Joyce sits on a chair on the right side of the bed. Mike and Bob sit on chairs on the left side of the bed. Will starts to cry.

WILL: I...I'm sorry.

Mike looks at Will.

JOYCE: What? What do you mean, sweetie?

Will looks at Joyce.

WILL: He made me do it.

Joyce leans forward, holding Will's arms. Mike looks as though he's piecing things together.

JOYCE: Who? Who made you do what?

WILL: I told you. They upset him. They shouldn't have done that. They shouldn't have upset him.

Mike has a realisation. He looks at Will in horror.

MIKE: The spy. The spy!

Mike jumps up and starts running away.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

A radar technician turns to look at the nerdy technician.

RADAR TECHNICIAN: We've got movement.

NERDY TECHNICIAN: You've got company, fellas.

On the radar, more dots start to appear and ping.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – HALLWAY – NIGHT

Mike runs towards the doors and tries to push past the guards. They grab his arms and push him back. Bob runs after Mike.

GUARD 1: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

MIKE: I need to get through! It's a trap!

Bob grabs Mike around his shoulders and tries to calm him down. Mike fights against him.

BOB: Hey, hey, hey!

MIKE: It's a trap! I need to warn them. It's a trap!

BOB: Mike!

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – HUB – NIGHT

Voices overlap on the radio. The agents are surrounded by fog. They look around.

AGENT 4: I can't see shit! Where are they? Where are they?

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

The new dots on the radar get closer to the other ones, surrounding them. Voices overlap on the radio.

NERDY TECHNICIAN: They're right on you!

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – NIGHT

The agents look around.

AGENT 5: Wait, what?

AGENT 6: What was that?

A demodog leaps out of the fog and attacks one of the soldiers.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

There's overlapping yelling and gunfire on the radio. The radar pings rapidly. There's more gunfire on the radio.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – NIGHT

JOYCE: Will, sweets, talk to me. You got to help me understand.

WILL: It's too late.

INT. HAWKINS TUNNEL SYSTEM – HUB – NIGHT

There's gunfire. Agents scream. There's growling and more screaming. One by one, the lights on the guns go out as agents are picked off, until there's one remaining. He turns and is attacked by a demodog.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

The screen plays static, the footage cut. Owens averts his eyes, taking deep breaths. Hopper looks around. He walks over to the radar. The dots leave the hub.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – NIGHT

WILL: You should go now.

Joyce looks confused.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

The faint sound of growling makes Hopper turn. He runs over to the window, looking through the window into the Gate room. The cords leading down the entrance of the Hawkins Tunnel System shake.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – MEDICAL ROOM – NIGHT

WILL (CONT'D): They're almost here.

INT. HAWKINS LAB – GATE OBSERVATION ROOM – NIGHT

Hopper looks through the glass. The doctors in the room look into the Gate room from their positions. There's a low growling. A demodog latches its claw onto the edge of the pit, before it starts to pull itself up. It screeches.

Cut to black.

END EPISODE.